

The True Northerner,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
By T. R. HARRISON.

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True Northerner.

VOL. 4. NO. 15.

PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1858.

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CLIPPINGS.

A Real Native.

The ignorance of this country among otherwise well informed English folks was curiously illustrated in the case of General W—, (a good fellow, but bogus general,) who visited England a few years ago. Having occasion to pass a few days in a provincial town, which boasted its literary coteries, he received an invitation through an acquaintance from Miss Blue Stocking to attend a soiree. The general, of course, went, and being a handsome, agreeable fellow, he was quite a lion.

In the course of the evening, Miss Blue, who had managed to secure his undivided attention, tapped him playfully with her fan, and said:

"Do you know that you are a naughty man?"

"How so, madam?" asked the general.

"Why, for deceiving us all so; but I shan't tell on you, of course; only every one in the room has not seen as much as I."

The general became nervous, and tho' of course that he must have committed some terrible faux pas, but as the lady seemed kind and forgiving, he determined to probe the matter.

"My dear lady, I am very sorry if I have been guilty of any delinquency; do tell me that I may apologize."

"O!" said Miss Blue, "it's only pretending to be an American."

"Pretending to be an American! But I am an American, madam."

"Yes, perhaps you live there; but you are not a native, you know."

"On my honor, madam, a real live native of the great State of New York."

"That will do for the company to think, general," said the literary lady, "and of course I shall not undecieve them; but you must know I had a very distinguished American gentleman, who was a native, to lunch with me this morning, and I was sorry I could not have him to meet you to-night; but he was not at all like you."

His raven hair curled in such beautiful little ringlets all around his head, and his complexion was dark—very dark—a perfect Othello of a fellow."

"A nigger, by George!" thought the general; and begging our lady not to expose this little ruse, in trying to pass off for an American, he got into a corner and enjoyed his lunch.

"Did you tell me, sir, you could hold the plow?" said the master. "Arrah! be aisy, now," said Pat; "how the devil can I hold it, and the two horses drawing it away from me? but give it to me in the barn and by jabsers I'll hold it with any boy."

"Why do drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveler to an Irish car driver. "A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

"D'y'e sposed you can do the land-lord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think that quite in my line of business," said he, "for I've been doing nothing else but land-lords this long while."

Brigham Young says, "if our enemies were to come here in a proper spirit, they would in one month embrace our religion." More likely your wives, old fellow," puts in Prentice.

The people owe much to Buchanan on account of the course he pursued during the late session of Congress.—[Detroit Herald.]

Yes; and they will pay him off and discharge him in 1860.

The editor of the Grand Rapids Enquirer boasts that he is a "working democrat." He has evidently been filling himself with half fermented lager beer.—[Detroit Advertiser.]

From the Jackson Citizen.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY J. R. F.

"Aunt Harriet, I am going to be married soon, then I shall have a rare time. I intended to flirt with one or two for the purpose of making Harry uneasy," said the lively Fanny Lee to her aunt, a mild and benevolent looking person of quiet and unobtrusive manners.

There was a perceptible sadness in her voice as she replied, "you would not do so after you were married, would you Fanny?"

"Certainly—that would be all the fun, especially as Harry is so exclusive in his devotion."

"It might not always be fun. You remember Mrs. Russell who resides in the low-roofed cottage where we stopped a few days ago?"

"Yes I think you told me you had seen her in far different circumstances."

"I have; I recollect very well the first time we met, near Fremont, in Ohio, there is a thick dense wood extending some twenty miles in length, and about ten miles in breadth called Black Swamp. For many years this place has been a terror to the travelers on account of the robberies and murders which have been committed there by some lawless men who hid in these woods. I was accustomed to take long rides on horse back and on that occasion had lost my way. It was quite dark, and I knew that I was in a dismal region Black Swamp. I saw a light a short distance from me; I cautiously approached. There was an old frame house several stories high, before it stood some weeping willow trees, whilst on the other side was a broad ditch entirely dry; in one there was a door opening into a cellar under the building. I rang the bell, and the door was opened by the lady of the house; her figure was slight but tall, and there was a mixture of reserve dignity, ease and simplicity in her manners that to me was quite fascinating. Her features were pretty, and I never saw a countenance more expressive of purity. There were two gentlemen in the room, to the younger of which she paid particular attention, smiling on and talking to him in her most winning tones. Mr. Russell, her husband, darted angry glances at them which the lady observed, and still she lavished her honeyed words, and smiled her sweetest smiles on the young man. It was late when he went away, and then her husband upbraided her on account of her conduct that evening. She replied, assuring him she would do the same again under similar circumstances, and that she was going with Mr. Leslie to a ball the next week."

"Do not go, Eleanor, he is one of our most bitter enemies, and I believe, would gladly do an injury to either of us. Besides, his character is not unexceptionable by any means."

"Nonsense Mr. Russell, I will go."

"If you do I will leave you, perhaps forever, and I warn you if you are anything about me, not to go with him."

"Pshaw! you are only trying to frighten me. If you wanted to go do you suppose that I would care much about it?"

Thus one retorted follow another until the scene closed by her giving way to a violent fit of weeping, and he drew her into another apartment.

I retired to the room which Mrs. Russell had designated me. It was just such an one out of all others as I would have chosen. There was a low bed in one corner, covered by a neat white counterpane and a carpet on the floor, in which the predominating color was green. The window was raised, and the white curtains looped back showing the crimson flowers of some elegant rose branches which crept close to the pane. Velvet covered ottomans looked as if wooing you to sit down, and on a center table were the skillfully sketched outlines of several places. I knew that they were some of Mr. Leslie's drawings, but where they were I could not tell. A mist gathered before my eyes as I looked at them, for they recalled emotions from the depth of my heart, which I had hoped were forever buried there. Six years ago that night I was his betrothed. I had no near relative, and I felt that he was the only one who loved me. I loved him madly, passionately, as few can, and that evening I was happy.—We were to have been married in church the next sabbath; he did not come. A few weeks afterwards I heard that he was killed by Miss Ellen C., now Mrs. Russell, the lady whom I had so unexpectedly met that evening. I had never seen her before, and it was plain that Mr. Leslie did not know me. Few would have recognized the joyous girl of eighteen, in the serious, thoughtful looking woman of four and twenty. Thought followed and I was no longer the calm woman, but the weak trembling girl. I knelt down and prayed fervently to him who knoweth all for strength and wisdom. When I arose I felt such happiness as they alone know who have placed their affections, torn from earthy idols, on things above. For a few moments it seemed as if the air around me was filled with pure spirits.—I could almost hear the rustle of their invisible wings, and my soul revelled in an atmosphere of purity. I felt that it had

been good for me to bathe in the waters of affliction. I had a greater desire for the happiness of others, more charity for their faults, and a more sisterly tenderness for all. My sleep was sweet and refreshing that night, and when I awoke next morning, the sunlight was streaming in the window, and I felt such a glad sense of being, and I was happy. It was late when I met the family at the breakfast table; it consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Russell, their two children and the house-keeper, a short, fleshy, good humored looking person. Mrs. Russell hardly tasted anything, and was looking quite ill.—Her husband treated her with coldness and indifference, and all seemed under evident restraint except the two children. I was both amused and interested with their innocent chat. The little girl who was only about three years old, was talking to her brother, some two years older, about some white doves which had lately been given to her. She said that the reason they were so white was because they had lived in heaven until they had learned to sing. After her husband went away, Mrs. Russell gave me a very pressing invitation to remain there a few weeks, telling me how lonely she had been since Mr. Russell had removed her into that dismal place. I finally concluded to stay. She continued: he often spends his evenings away from home, and will not tell me where he goes, and when he does what I think is not right, he will not ask my forgiveness. He will not forgive or forget my neglect or duty on my part, and as he treats me, so I intend to treat him.

"He does not try to make you believe that he thinks of any one else."

"No that is the only way that I can punish him for what he does. After I attended the next ball with Mr. Leslie, I shall dismiss him entirely, and then I will be very kind to Mr. Russell, for I do love him and he loves me, but we are both very jealous, and he is one of those men who will never forget or forgive under any circumstances."

I saw that it was useless for me to talk to her, and as I was a comparative stranger, I did not feel the same freedom with her which I otherwise should. A week had passed—Mr. Russell appeared cold and unhappy, his wife was brilliant and lively and I enjoyed myself very well in her society. The evening of the ball had come; I was again to accompany her not to go. Mr. Russell arrived at home just in time to see Mr. Leslie get into the carriage with his wife and drive away.

"That is an act," said he, "that I can never forgive or forget."

"Those are words," I replied "that neither you or any one else should ever think, much less speak."

"She does not love me, she loves another."

"You are mistaken, she does love you, she cares nothing about Mr. Leslie."

"Why does she do so, then?"

"Out of mere thoughtlessness."

"If your Maker did not forgive you, would you expect ever to see heaven? and if you do not forgive others, can you be happy?"

He said no reply to my last remark, but left the room, and in a short time I saw him riding horseback in that direction which Mr. Leslie and his wife had gone.

Mrs. Russell did not enjoy herself at the ball, though she concealed her feelings from those around her. She felt a vague uneasiness, and a gloomy apprehension of trouble which haunted her. She felt that she was doing wrong, and she longed to tell her husband once more and to sit him how sorry she was for her thoughtlessness. She hoped that she might see him in the ball-room, but no, he was not there. A little boy gave her a note telling her that a gentleman had sent it to her. She went to the most retired part of the room and opened it; it was from her husband and she read:

9 o'clock.

DEAREST ELEANOR:—You can imagine the emotions which fill my heart, as I address you, perhaps for the last time.—I have loved you, have almost worshipped you, looked upon you as a model of purity, and this week I heard aspersions cast on your character. I do not believe them but I have thought—and it has given me inexpressible anguish—that your heart was another's; that you did not love me. If I am mistaken meet me at the hotel by the depot right away. It is but a few moments drive here, and a half an hour is too late. If you do not conclude to come I will send you a remittance every month after I am gone, as long as you stay in our old home.

EUGENE RUSSELL.

With a face ashy pale, Mrs. Russell read the missive, and then turning to Mr. Leslie who stood by her side, she exclaimed: "For the love of heaven quick drive me to the depot!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Do not ask me any questions. Read that haste! haste! in the name of heaven—quick drive there!"

He bore her out to the carriage, for she was overpowered by her emotions. He drove at a furious rate.

"Are we almost there?"

"Yes," he replied. On, on, the carriage rolled, still it did not stop.

Faster, faster I shall be too late—

it seems a long time we have been on the road," again she said.

The horses went with lightening speed; they suddenly halted. She rushed into the house Mr. Leslie followed, she stopped, she gazed a round in mute anguish, she was in her own room, and it was nearly 10 o'clock.

"Good God! Mr. Leslie, what have you done! I told you to drive me to the depot."

"You are just as well off here, dear lady said he."

She did not appear to hear him, but continued—"so near love and happiness and so cruelly torn away. Oh, my husband my husband! I must see him—if I had only gone! It is too late, too late!—Come back, dearest husband, to see your Eleanor. My head aches—let me rest on your bosom. Such utter helplessness, such despair and agony I cannot bear.—If my husband was only here, if I had only gone to the depot, then I should have seen him."

She flung herself on the lounge in utter abandonment of grief. Leslie gently raised her—wound his arms around her waist and pressed his lips to hers, and said, "I will be a friend to you."

His act roused her to consciousness.—"You a friend," she disdainfully repeated, "you who have deprived me of my husband, you who have robbed me of all my happiness. Release me! I would rather feel the slimy folds of a serpent around me, than your arms. Go, and never curse this house again with your presence."

"My pretty lady, you are mine, now, mine to do with as I please. You promised to marry me, before you die, Mr. Russell, and I have you safe, now."

"Go, send! go, or take the consequences," and quick as thought she snatched a dirk out of his belt and aimed it at his heart. He drew back and the blade only grazed his arm.

"You have a touch of spirit about you that I like," said he, rushing forward. I had hitherto been an unobserved and silent spectator. I arose from my seat.

"Charles Leslie," said I, "if you wish to avoid trouble you had better withdraw. You see plainly that you are not wanted here."

"Harriet Wade! upon my honor, I believe that we have met before."

I did not deign a reply; and with a mocking bow he went away. Mrs. Russell was completely exhausted, and almost insensible to all that was around her. She lay on the lounge and for hours would gaze into my face with a fixed look of sadness. That brought tears to my eyes. I watched with her all night, and towards morning she sank into an uneasy slumber. It was not more than fifteen minutes after she awoke screaming, "my husband, do not leave me!" I went where she was. "Is he gone?" said she. I could not answer her. After a moment she said: "Oh, yes, I understand"—and again her face wore the same expression of hopeless despair. Her little boy and girl came running into the room saying, "ma, where is papa?" The poor mother held them to her and kissed them, whilst she shed floods of tears. It was the first time she wept since he went away. "Will not papa come soon?" said they. I took the children on my lap, and told them to keep very quiet, because their ma did not feel well. They went out of the room and in a short time came back looking grieved, and told me they had looked all over the house, but could not find pa. I told them perhaps he would come back sometime, and give them some playthings, and their sorrow was soon forgotten.

A year had nearly passed, and Mrs. Russell did not appear to take any interest in anything. She heard of her father and mother's death with composure, and as if she hardly knew what it meant. I do not know, but perhaps she would have sunk under her great grief, but God sent her another trial. The house-keeper left us; said she had heard such strange noises close by her window at night, that she believed the house was haunted. I laughed at her fears; she, however, insisted that she was right. Some two weeks afterwards, I was aroused from my sleep about midnight, by hearing screams in Mrs. Russell's room. I immediately went there and found her sitting upright in bed, her eyes fixed on the opposite corner of the room. "There," said she, pointing with her finger, "you will see it soon." I noticed in that direction, for the first time, a sort of trap door, cut in the floor, which slowly began to raise, and a tall figure with a black robe, and a face of unearthly whiteness, came as beneath the floor, and with a measured tramp, through the room into the children's, and the next moment I heard the rumbling of carriage wheels outside the house. Mrs. Russell had crouched to the farthest corner of the bed, almost speechless with terror. In a few moments she requested me to look and see if the children were safe. I went there and found that the little girl was gone. "I will go after her immediately," said the mother. I told her that it would be useless to go until morning, and persuaded her to wait. The loss of her child seemed to inspire her with new energy and determination. She disengaged herself as much as she could, and as soon as it was light she set out on horseback in pursuit of her child. I was left alone with her little boy, and we then occupied the third story in the house, keeping the rooms below fastened most all the time. Our nearest neighbor lived some two miles distant, and I could not get any one to stay with us, because they thought the house was haunted. Mrs. Russell came back in about six weeks.—She could find no trace of her child. We finally concluded that she had better move back on the old homestead where her father used to live. It was some sixty miles distant, and no one was living there, she being the only child. I had formerly made it my home at Mr. B's, about five miles from that place. I had inherited a small estate from an uncle, and with economy I could get along very comfortably. We took what we could in a large, covered, double wagon, and started away.—Mrs. Russell had been obliged to dispose of a great deal of furniture on account of not receiving any money from her husband during his absence. Mrs. Russell herself drove the team. We went about halfway the first day. At night we stopped at an old looking tavern in a little country place. We did not have the team unharassed, because we were uncertain whether we should remain there all night, as we heard there was another inn only two or three miles distant. We had sat in the parlor only a few minutes when our attention was arrested by the conversation of a couple of gentlemen who were speaking about a little girl, apparently, then about the house. One of them said, it was his opinion, that the little girl was Mrs. Russell's.

"What reason have you for thinking so?"

"I have several—the landlady told me in confidence, that the child was brought here by Mr. Leslie; he said he had a crazy sister, and out of kindness to her, he was taking care of the child. I knew that he had no sister; that Mrs. Russell's daughter had been stolen, and that he has bribed persons to retail the blackest falsehoods about her, to her husband and his friends, both before their unfortunate separation occurred, and while he has been absent from his family."

"Why did he leave her?"

"He was sensitive, and petulant, and jealous, and this Leslie, who pretended to be his friend, finally made him believe that she did not love him, but that she preferred Leslie to her husband; her foolish flirtations with him and others, after her marriage, corroborated these statements in her husband's eyes. The time he left her was goaded to madness by her persistent refusal to listen to his desires, and to discard the treacherous villain who was so sedulously sowing the seeds of discord and ruin in their hearts. She left her husband and children, to attend a party with Leslie; as soon as Russell was apprised of it he wrote her an affectionate note, asking her, as a test of her love and devotion, that she should leave Leslie and repair to him immediately. The summons was unheeded—she did not come. Russell's last hope was crushed, and he left his home, his beautiful but erring wife, and his children forever! The last time I saw Mr. Russell, he was almost broken-hearted. He said he had written several letters to his wife, and sent her money, but he could get no answer. I think it is possible, indeed, I think I may say more than probable, that she has never received a letter, or she would, at least, have answered his enquiries after the children."

"I don't really know—I have—"

Mrs. Russell had thrown her veil from her face. "Do you know where he is now?" she asked eagerly.

"I do not," the gentleman replied, "he was then in California, but intended to leave soon."

He did not recognize her until she told her name, and asked him to aid her in getting her child. He told her the quickest way would be by stratagem. He said that he would send for the landlady and whilst she was engaged talking to him, Mrs. Russell was to go out, and at the end of the hall she was to go into a room where she was to find the child. The plan worked very well, but had the landlady been less engaged in talking, she might have heard the voice of the little girl, as they were passing out, for she was so overjoyed it was impossible to keep her from talking to her mother. As soon as I saw them in the wagon, I went out with the little boy. I do not know how long Mr. T. detained the landlady, but we drove all night as fast as we could. We reached our place of destination the next day in the forenoon. I left Mrs. Russell there, for business called me elsewhere. She had experienced religion, and supported herself and family comfortably by giving music lessons, and doing needle-work.—She had lived there about a year. I have often visited her and I expect that she will be here this afternoon. She often regrets her folly in her treatment to her husband, and still hopes that she will sometime see him, though I sometimes fear her error was fatal to her domestic happiness and peace."

"I will remember what you have told me, aunt I will never flirt after I am married, and I will learn to forgive and forget, but I must go now, for I expect Harry soon."

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